THE
NATION

FEBRUARY 15, 1958 . . 25c

Arms Race:
Count-Down for Disaster
by Walter Millis

The FCC Inquiry:
Tiger by the Tail
by Ronald W. May

DOWN with the OTHER SEX
by David Cort

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LETTERS

That Ad Tax

Dear Sirs: It seems to me that the irrelevant and generally amusing article on The Scandalous Ad Tax by David Cort (January 18 issue) failed to mention the single best argument against such a tax on advertising. This is that a tax which is readily passed on to the citizens of the community in which the tax is collected amounts, in effect, to a hidden sales tax. It is a tax paid, with interest, by the people who buy the things that are advertised in Baltimore media. [*Baltimore recently approved a tax on advertising—Ed.*]

Advertising agencies and media have served many odd purposes in the past, from selling Ike to publicizing National Tavern Month. They can even collect taxes in Baltimore, but the registered voters won't be happy about it when they find out!

The argument that advertising media are throwaways is beside the point—and only party true. Even TV isn't completely free! In fact, the selectivity of media is closely related to the share of the cost paid by the readers. And taxing media will not change their character or improve their taste. Instead, the opposite should be expected, for the advertiser will have more, rather than less, to say about advertising policy if, when he uses a medium, he has to accept the responsibility for collecting taxes from its audience.

ROBERT C. GARRETSON

Cleveland, O.

Anti-Segregation Fund

Dear Sirs: The Southern Conference Educational Fund is an organization of Negro and white Southerners devoted to ending segregation and discrimination in the Southern and border states. We are now taking part in the movement to increase the number of registered voters in the South, both Negro and white. On April 27, in Washington, we will hold a conference entitled "Report from the South," featuring talks by prominent Southerners on denial of registration and voting rights. We are also planning to circulate a Southwide petition to the U.S. Senate to modify Rule 22 to limit filibustering. We are already setting up Committees for Civil Rights Legislation, with a goal of one for each state.

All this is in addition to our usual work of informing people of the evils of segregation through conferences, pamphlets, petitions, seminars and opinion polls. What we can do is limited only by the amount of support we get from people all over the country. Contributions may be sent to Southern Conference Educational Fund, 822 Perdido St., New Orleans 12, Louisiana.

AUBREY W. WILLIAMS,
President, Southern Conference Educational Fund

Montgomery, Alabama

Exchanging Science

Dear Sirs: Why not have a Council of Heads of States meeting regularly—perhaps every one or two years? Also, there should be international scientific cooperation among nations. Isn't it silly for us to spend millions of dollars, and to waste our time, trying to discover what Russia and other nations know already—and *vice versa?*

ARMAND LOWINGER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Near Enough

Dear Sirs: Too bad that in your January 25 issue you did not place the editorial entitled Hypnopaedia alongside Mixed Judgment.

The first tells of the prison officials of Tulare County, California, placing secret microphones under inmates' pillows to sermonize while they were sleeping on the values of moral living. The sermon ended with the words: "I am filled with love and compassion for all, so help me God."

The second editorial reports that Judge Ralph Freeman of the U. S. District Court in Detroit castigated Peter Horst, a conscientious objector, saying: "There would be nothing left for us . . . if his opinions were shared by all men of his age." A theologian testifying for Horst had declared that "love is the central force in his life."

MORRIS YANOFF

Chicago, Ill.

[*Come to think of it, the editorial separating the above two was entitled Those Top-Secret Reports.—Ed.*]

Tribute to DuBois

Dear Sirs: I wish to congratulate *The Nation* and Mr. Truman Nelson for the fine story on W. E. B. DuBois in your issue of January 25. It is a wonderful, though overdue, tribute to a great man who has fought valiantly through the years for the rights of all men in general, and for justice and equality for the Negro in particular. Progress has been made in this field due to the efforts of persons like Dr. DuBois, but a great deal of work remains to be done. May he live and fight many more years, and may his vision of equality and freedom for all peoples in the world be realized during his lifetime.

My family subscribed to *The Nation* about thirty-five years or more ago. Now, it has become part of us. We just could not do without it.

FRIEDA (MRS. A.) KANNER

Los Angeles, Calif.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1958
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Cutback on Peace

The Eisenhower Administration may be "waging total peace," but one would never suspect it. Over 75,000 people are engaged, in one form or another, in perfecting the Atlas ICBM. But the Disarmament Office, which last year was allocated $530,000, has been reduced to $375,000; the staff of forty is being cut in half, and Mr. Stassen is on the way out. Once he leaves, the cutback will be nearly total. For the State Department does not plan to augment its staff to continue the work of the Disarmament Office; the Defense Department has only one or two individuals working on arms control, and the Atomic Energy Commission has no one assigned to work on control of nuclear materials except those working on regular bilateral and international atomic-energy inspection programs. And this, according to Senator Hubert Humphrey, represents the total effort at the staff level of the Executive Branch assigned to secure progress on disarmament. But Senator Humphrey at the moment has little more influence with the leadership of the Democratic Party than Mr. Stassen has with the Administration, for the Senate Subcommittee on Disarmament, which Senator Humphrey heads, will be dissolved on July 31. On peace and disarmament, "austerity" is the rule in both parties.

Ordinarily, in such a crisis, one might expect the foundations to back the cause of disarmament. Alexander F. Jones, executive editor of the Syracuse *Herald-Journal,* asks why the foundations don't support a great peace campaign which could be carried to "every capital and every corner of the world"? Alas, the Rockefellers are currently exhorting us to spend more for defense, not less. In practical terms, the organization of a campaign of the type Mr. Jones proposes might jeopardize the tax-exempt status of the foundation that undertook it, whereas the issuance of foundation-financed studies urging Congress to appropriate more funds for missiles is not considered to relate to "legislative activity" even when Mr. Nelson Rockefeller testifies as an expert in support of the recommendations of the Rockefeller Committee's report before a Congressional committee. No more than government can American philanthropy splurge on peace. It's irregular.

New Mideastern Gambit

Washington

Officials in Washington are straining their eyes to find advantages for the United States in the fusion of Egypt and Syria into a single nation. It's strenuous exercise and may afflict its practitioners with a permanent squint.

At the moment of merger, Khaled el-Azam, Syria's Deputy Premier and Defense Minister, was about to form a new pro-Soviet political party. But one of the major provisions of the Egypto-Syrian marriage is the abolition of all parties in Syria and the creation of a national union such as exists in Egypt. Besides forestalling a new anti-Western party, the merger will ban the fellow-traveling parties which have been playing a big part in Syrian politics. Egyptian President Nasser is said to have been worrying lately about the growth of Communist influence in the area. Thus—so runs this thinking—liquidation of leftist political groups in Syria removes a force which might have undermined him.

Such reasoning so carried away some American authorities that one of them said Nasser may be doing more than the United States to check Soviet influence in the Middle East. They were sure that the new state's birth discomforted the Soviet Union. If it didn't, they ask, why did Moscow refrain from comment in the first days after the event?

It's too early to pronounce a definite verdict on all this and the State Department is right to have reserved its judgment. One can hardly reproach some department officials for wrapping a pink ribbon around this development after all the setbacks for American policy in the Mideast since 1956. However, they and other Western pundits may be mistaken in interpreting the merger as an anti-Communist success. The Russians are possibly less obvious than Washington analysts assume. Is Moscow's early silence really to be interpreted as a sign of melancholia? If the Russians considered the new state to be in their interest, would they necessarily broadcast their joy? Perhaps they have been ostentatiously unenthusiastic because they wanted this to happen. On occasion the Syrian Communists have been a nuisance to them. The Soviets stand to gain if they can harness an Arab nationalism

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that is free of Communist "taint" as their instrument for penetrating the Middle East.

Further, if the Russians were really hostile to the Egypto-Syrian union, they could have banged their fist on the table—or perhaps just whispered in Damascus. As the principal customer of the cotton economies of Egypt and Syria, as purveyor of arms and suppliers of financial aid to both, when the Soviets speak their voice carries command.

As this is written, it isn't yet clear whether the little sheikdom of Yemen will join the new Arab state. It doesn't follow that because Egypt and Syria are republics, they will blackball monarchies from their club. They are more likely to welcome new members whatever their political system.

Yemen's entrance into the new state would have important implications. Above all, it would weaken the argument with the monarchs of Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Jordan that the Egypto-Syrian republic is intent on undermining their thrones. Indeed, Yemen's adherence would have significance out of all proportion to the little principality's size, population and resources. The country, lying astride the Red Sea, is strategically located. In its foreign relations, it has been gravitating toward the Communist bloc, having accepted Russian help and taken a $20 million loan from Red China.

As to Saudi Arabia, King Saud has told Western ambassadors that he will abstain from publicly opposing the new Arab state. Privately, he fears and detests it. He remembers the Egyptian revolution which dumped King Farouk on the garbage heap and robbed landowners of their dominance. Saud and other feudal monarchs will scarcely be reassured if Nasser promises to respect the title of the Imam of Yemen and his heirs.

A crucial question now is what counteraction the new Arab state will provoke among Iraq, Jordan and Saudi Arabia. It may impel them to huddle together, perhaps to form a close alliance of their armed forces. Lebanon can be expected to wag its tail and follow them. But neither Saud nor Kings Feisal of Iraq and Hussein of Jordan dare overtly to challenge the new Egypto-Syrian republic. To their subjects, Nasser personifies Arab nationalism. If they defy him openly, they would expose themselves to the charge of blocking Arab unity.

The merger bodes no good for Israel. Strategically, it means little, since the Egyptian and Syrian armies were already unified under one command. Politically, the conquences for Israel are more serious; the merger has joined two violent enemies of the Jewish state.

Mideastern diplomats in Washington are prophesying that the union portends a crisis in the Mideast this year. Egyptian-Syrian pressure on Jordan will increase. Economic and social difficulties inside the new state may tempt Nasser and his Syrian subordinates to seek aggrandizement abroad.

Jordan won't be the only nation in the region to grow more aware of Nasser's headlong drive for pan-Arab leadership.

Whispered Heresy

In various forms, the notion is beginning to be voiced that a cut in arms expenditures might be one of the most effective economic accelerators. Most often the notion is stated negatively, namely, that increasing defense expenditures is no longer, if it ever was, the best means of stimulating economic activity. Upping arms spending by $3 billion promises to have little effect in a period of general business decline; $3 billion in an economy of $400 billion provides only a mild acceleration. Wide notice, too, is being taken of the fact that defense expenditures, as planned, will call for fewer men both in the military services and supporting industries. These considerations have prompted the thought that an agreement to limit armaments would merely accelerate what may well be a long-term trend. From this thought stem the faint, tentative suggestions that disarmament, if it resulted in a decline in tensions, might actually stimulate trade and commerce. "Progress toward disarmament," writes George Shea in the *Wall Street Journal*, "would reflect a more mutual trust among nations, which could strongly stimulate business and confidence. . . . It is conceivable, therefore, that disarmament, if ever really achieved, might open up a new phase of expansion the whole world over." Whistling in the dark? Wishful thinking? Perhaps. But economists cannot measure the effect of a gradual dissipation of fear and distrust on general economic activity in today's new international economic environment in which a "revolution of rising expectations" is sweeping former colonial areas. Is threat-of-war tension really the most powerful economic accelerator? Is it so for all sections of the economy? Or merely for industries

NEXT WEEK'S SPECIAL ISSUE

Mid-Winter Book Number: This will be featured by three articles on Edmund Wilson. The authors are Richard Chase, professor of English at Columbia University and author of *The American Novel and Its Tradition*, among other books; Robert Cantwell, novelist and biographer, among whose recent works is *The Land of Plenty*; and Robert Spiller, professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania and co-author of *A Literary History of the United States*.

Harvey Swados on Leisure: The author of the novel, *On the Line*, visits Akron, Ohio, and reports what happens when industrial workers win what amounts to a four-day week. What do they do with their time?

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directly affected? And what if a percentage of disarmament savings were to be turned over to a U.N. agency for world economic development? So heretical that it can as yet only be voiced in whispers, the idea seems to be spreading that monstrous arms expenditures constitute a hindrance to economic recovery.

"The Space Business"

The battle for control of outer space is on—in Washington's long corridors, that is. As a bureaucratic bonanza, nothing quite like the exploration of outer space has come along to excite the passions of the empire-builders since the atom was split. Armies are moving into position for the battle which lies ahead. A group of scientists headed by Dr. James R. Killian is preparing a report for the President on both the scientific and military aspects of what he refers to as "the space business." In the Senate, a bipartisan effort is being made to establish a special committee to study and report on "all aspects and problems relating to the exploration of outer space" by June 1 and, in the process, to settle the question of civilian versus military control. As with atomic energy, it will not be easy to separate the civilian from the military aspect. Moreover, the long struggle to establish the principle of civilian control of atomic energy should remind us that nothing should be done, under the whiplash of "urgency," to prejudge the new issue. In matters of this sort, priorities establish precedents and precedents are difficult to reverse. And yet so great is the assumed urgency that there is a grave danger that unfortunate precedents will be established. For while committees are studying the problem, the Secretary of Defense has been given control of outer-space weapons development, which is tantamount to a *de facto* grant of jurisdiction. Unless this action is reversed, and promptly, the Pentagon will have staked out a firm claim to outer space, in jurisdictional terms, by the time the committees report. It seems absurd to associate the idea of "squatter rights" with outer space, but the Pentagon is full of bold and ambitious bureaucrats. For the time being, therefore, the control of outer-space explorations should be firmly retained in civilian hands, the more so as the United Nations may ultimately assert jurisdiction.

Thinking Big

Two recent reports on the auto industry assure us common consumer folks that the car manufacturers are doing what Madison Avenue refers to as "Thinking Big"—so "big" in fact that the last boundaries of logic have been far outstripped. One report, in the *Journal of Commerce*, informs us that "Auto manufacturers are holding production of cars to 20 to 25 per cent below the levels of the same period of last year, but thus far have not been able to keep inventories from rising. Scheduling production of around 1.5 million cars for the first quarter, or 500,000 a month, the industry has apparently been adding to inventories at the rate of 75,000 to 100,000 cars a month." The stockpile has been estimated currently at 800,000 cars for the industry.

But have no fears. The men at the top are thinking big—as witnessed by the following report in the *Wall Street Journal* that was published within a day of the report mentioned above, with a headline promising that: "A Tough Plastic May Help Detroit Outdate New Cars Even Faster." The story goes on to say: "A new concept in car styling—radical changes every year rather than every two or three—is under close scrutiny among auto makers, and a little known member of the prolific plastics family eventually may bring such a concept closer to reality." The new plastic is known as "epoxy resin," and can be used much more cheaply to make the dies for new models at a faster rate.

Our cars run too fast and are made too fast; we make too many, and they are outdated too fast. But don't worry—we can do it all faster still, and in greater quantities. That, of course, is "Thinking Big."

More Gravedigging

Southern segregationists continue to dig their own graves a little deeper (see editorial comment in last week's issue, p. 109). Having gerrymandered the Negro population of Tuskegee outside the city limits, the Alabama legislature has now gone one step further and made it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for the gerrymandered Negroes to incorporate a new community of their own. Thus the legislature of Alabama has put itself firmly on record against segregated communities! And lo! a new problem has arisen: surplus government freeloaders in Tuskegee. For now that the community has been reduced in size, cuts in the city payroll are clearly in order. No matter how much they legislate, prevaricate and procrastinate, the segregationists only succeed in complicating matters for themselves. It's time they gave up. (For earlier comments on Tuskegee, see *The Nation*, October 12, 1957; January 4, 1958.)

The Thrill of Advertising

It is rumored in the bars where admen meet that Buick (annual advertising budget, $22 million) fired the Kudner Agency after twenty-two years because, at the close of the Patterson-Jackson prize fight last September, the TV announcer switched in the commercial so quickly that viewers were unable to tell for sure who had won the decision. It is also rumored that Kolynos (annual budget, $300,000) has dropped the Gray agency because its president admitted in a TV interview that he brushed his teeth with a brand put

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out by another client. (We asked a friend in the business what he would say if faced with this poser. His answer proves that admen have to be as quick as carnival barkers: "I'd say I use all the well-marketed brands, to test consumer acceptance.")

These poignant anecdotes have the sort of neatness that assures wide circulation, but they are only the little triggers that set off the big explosions. One of the least appreciated services that Madison Avenue offers the nation's corporations is its availability as a whipping boy. When business is good, the product gets the credit; when volume slips, the agency has lost its punch. This way the client flips a coin with two heads and the midtown restaurants grow wealthy feeding prospects. Right now, sales are off on a wide front and about 100 accounts, so the trade believes, are looking for new agencies to handle their annual $175 million. Of course, not many agencies are equipped to handle accounts of that size, and in effect it will be a game of musical chairs. But someone always gets left out in that game, which presumably is what is meant by the thrill of advertising.

Arms Race: Count-Down for Disaster . . *Walter Millis*

THE FREQUENT question: "Has there ever been an arms race which did not end in war?" is scarcely answerable, since before the latter part of the nineteenth century there had never been an arms race in anything like the modern sense. There had, of course, been earlier instances of competitive arming and fort-building in peacetime, but the deadly modern competition in armaments is essentially a product of the technological revolution in warfare (in turn a gift of the Industrial Revolution and the coming of the age of steam), which began to become prominent only after the Franco-Prussian War. It was the longer time required for the design and production of the new weapons, the necessity for elaborate advance mobilization and strategic planning imposed by the speed and volume of rail transport and telegraphic communications, which began to produce the huge standing and instantly ready military systems, developing competitively against each other with relatively little regard for contemporary political or economic issues.

The modern concept of the arms race scarcely entered the international consciousness until 1898, when the Czar of Russia issued his famous appeal to suspend the competition, by that time well developed. Those who prepared the documentation for the ensuing Hague Conference could find nothing in the diplomatic record bearing on the idea beyond a suggestion, tossed out by the British Prince Regent just after Waterloo, that peacetime military forces should be regulated by international agreement. By 1898, however, the notion that the "progressive development" of armaments was not only loading the peoples with insupportable financial burdens, but would probably end in the war which the armaments were supposed to prevent, was taking shape. "It appears evident," as the Czar's ministers put it, "that if this state of things were prolonged, it would inevitably lead to the very cataclysm it is desired to avert."

The Russians proposed a thoroughgoing attack upon the problem, not only through an experimental freezing of then-existing force-levels and military budgets, but through halting the scientific and technological competition which even in that day was seen to be one of the worst sources of the disease. In a manner prophetic of our own efforts to deal with the atom and the ICBM, they proposed to prohibit the use of "any new kind of firearms whatever and of new explosives, or any powders more powerful than those now in use," and to "restrict the use in military warfare of the formidable explosives already existing." They wanted to ban the submarine (then only in embryo) and all forms of aerial bombardment.

It was easy then, as so many times later, to point out that the aggressively expansionist but technologically backward Russians were simply trying to defend their gains while restraining the competition. The other powers readily found this kind of problem so "very difficult" as to be insoluble; nothing could be done, and the European arms race swept on to end "inevitably" some fifteen years later in the "very cataclysm" which had been so accurately predicted. It not only "ended in war"; the sober post-mortems after 1918 made it clear that the race had been in itself an important cause—perhaps the most important single cause—of the disaster. The rapid rebuilding of the Czar's own military establishment after its collapse in Manchuria; the really pointless Anglo-German naval rivalry; the competitive Franco-German army increases, had produced the over-grown, oversensitive and hair-triggered military establishments which rendered the 1914 crisis unmanageable by diplomacy or statesmanship and so made the resultant cataclysm literally "inevitable." The "classic" pattern of the arms race itself leading direct to war had been established.

But after 1918 the arms race was not really revived (though publicists in the inter-war years often talked as though it had been). In the grim and impoverished morrow of the First World War, the conditions for it did not exist. An incipient Anglo-American-Japanese naval race was wisely canceled, so far as the Ameri-

WALTER MILLIS, author of The Road to War *and* Arms and Men *(just republished as a paperbook), is one of the country's most acute students of the political aspects of modern war.*

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cans and British were concerned; while the Japanese, confronted by the two others, prudently withdrew their challenge for the time being. The statesmen who labored so long and so ineffectively in the League of Nations disarmament conferences were not trying to halt a race, but to prevent one. They were trying to balance the tired and static military systems of the victors of 1918 against the developing military ambitions of the powers for whom 1918 had represented a defeat. Even when Japan at the end of 1934 claimed her privilege to denounce the naval limitation treaties and Hitler in 1935 tore up the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty with the declaration that German rearmament was already under way, no arms race immediately ensued. Not until the Munich crisis of 1938 did France and Britain make a serious effort to regain the relative military power which they had lost; the United States did not start in earnest to rearm until the Allied catastrophe of May, 1940.

AS the Second World War was ending, there was some reason to hope that it might lead to a military stabilization of sorts, comparable to that which appeared after 1918. The hope was destroyed on August 6, 1945. It is fair to say that the most unsettling element of World War II had been the long-range strategic bomber—of necessity carrying its terrors directly against enemy civilian life and the industrial and transportation resources upon which they, like the enemy armies, depended. This was military power in a new form, terrible in its implications, against which defense was difficult, and hard to fit into the kind of rough balances which had been possible at times with the conventional forces of fleets and armies. But its performance, while often significant, had been on the whole disappointing; so long as it was armed only with TNT and incendiary weapons, it labored under severe limitations and might conceivably have been confined within the framework of conventional war, restricted to strategic theories less dreadful and less unmanageable than those which its advocates were

perforce obliged to adopt. Unhappily, with the Hiroshima bomb, the power of the long-range bomber was suddenly expanded by a factor of from two thousand to twenty thousand. This destroyed all calculations which might have been drawn from the experience of World War II. It meant that unless something could be done, the strategy of mass extermination must dominate the whole modern war problem and (since the United States then held a monopoly of the weapon) that a race in the new armament was inescapable.

The United States with her Allies tried to do something. They made the famous gesture of the Acheson-Lilienthal-Baruch plan, which looked to the complete elimination of atomic energy as a military weapon and its development for peaceful purposes under an ironclad form of international control. Stalin's government is still castigated in this country for its rejection of the plan; and the President, in his recent letter to Bulganin, could still speak as if it were only the inexplicable recalcitrance of Moscow which has condemned the world to the present "balance of terror." Yet at the time the Baruch-U.N. plan was offered, many were sure that the Russians could not and would not accept it; some even wondered whether the United States could do so.

IF ONE TRIES to look through the eyes of Stalin, it is not difficult to see why the plan was fated. The United States, believing itself to hold monopoly control of an almost absolute military weapon as well as of a newly-discovered energy source of immense significance, was offering to yield both into the hands of an international authority in which the United States would have a permanently dominant influence, while both Russia and her Communist international system would be at a permanent disadvantage. The offer was surrounded by conditions as to inspection which might seriously imperil both the internal power of the Communist dictatorship and its political freedom on the world stage. It was clear that the United States would make no actual surrender of the military power until the Soviet Union had demonstrated its loyal acceptance of what was a Western solution of a problem now common to both great systems. Stalin may or may not have realized how enormous would have been the gain, for the Soviet Union no less than for all other powers, if nuclear weaponry could once and for all have been abolished. In other respects, the offer was unattractive by comparison with the alternative, which was simply to wait until the Soviet Union had also grasped the Promethean fires, and then use them to bargain on equal footing for their control and elimination. Moscow decided to wait.

Had the positions been reversed, it seems highly probable that the United States would have done the same. Today, when the Soviet Union seems well "ahead" of us in ballistic rocketry, we make gestures about the mutual control of "outer space," but put our true reliance on renewed efforts to catch up, so that the bargaining—if any—will be equal. Stalin's position in 1947 was doubtless much the same as ours is now. He had every reason to trust our protestations that we would never initiate a preventive war, so he had plenty of time; just as we show, if not by our words, then by our actions—programs and projects that will take years to bring to effective results—that we think the same thing. He may have known that he would not have to wait long, just as we feel that we are behind the Russians in rocketry by only a few months or maybe a year.

The Baruch plan, after all, was rooted in the assumption that the United States possessed a great and dread secret which others would certainly unravel but only over the course of years. Herein lay a moti-

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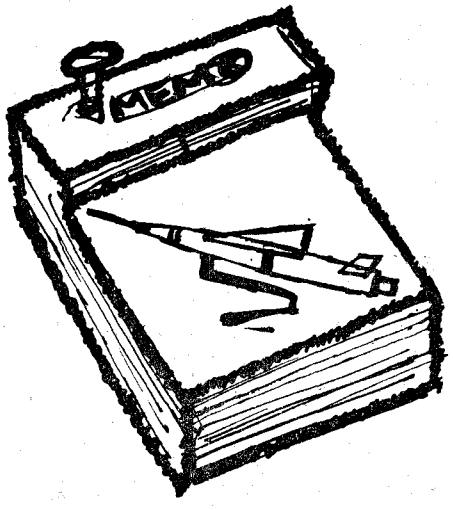
vation that would secure acceptance of the plan—or so we thought. The assumption may have been mistaken. Russian science and technology—of whose power we have lately come to have a better understanding—may have been much farther along the road in 1947 than we supposed. They fired their first bomb only two years later. After all, we pressed on our own atomic development under a desperate fear that the Germans would beat us; we now know that the Germans were not even seriously trying. But the Russians must have been, and may well have been progressing only a little less rapidly than we were. In such a frame, Stalin's rejection of the Baruch plan is not only understandable but must seem inevitable. To throw it now in the face of the Soviet Union may feed our sense of moral superiority; it can in no way contribute toward the control of the appalling new arms competition in which we have been entangled.

THE PECULIAR HORROR and peril of the current arms race seem to me to derive from two facts. *First,* it centers almost exclusively on weapons of mass extermination which no ingenuity has as yet sufficed to reduce to the useful political and social purposes which war (an "instrument of policy continued by other means") has immemorially served. *Second,* it is almost wholly a technological race. The race in mobilizable numbers, exemplified by the Franco-German army increases before 1914, was at least theoretically subject to some kind of balance. The technological race seems almost impossible to balance. An early, and celebrated, example is "Jackie" Fisher's introduction of the dreadnought battleship after 1904, which rendered obsolete the whole apparatus of British naval supremacy, in order to prevent the Germans from doing it first. The result was to upset whatever naval balances existed at the time and seriously to dislocate the whole structure of naval power. This kind of thing is now happening every year or every six months. The atomic bomb produces the hydrogen bomb. We establish intermediate-range bomber bases around the Soviet Union in order to make sure that we can deliver our deterrent on Russian vital centers; the Russians are pressed to push forward their intermediate-range rocket development so that they can make sure of "taking out" the air bases before the planes are launched. The inaccuracy of even intermediate-range ballistic missiles means that they will have to be armed with megaton bombs to take out the bases. We propose to put megaton-bomb missiles into Europe which can take out Soviet cities in reprisal. We also develop atomic-powered missile-carrying submarines which can substitute for fixed air bases in an attack on the Soviet Union; this means that the Soviet Union will develop similar weapons which can assault the whole huge population complexes on our two seaboards with the power of total destruction. The "answer" to that is both a $40 billion shelter program and an anti-missile missile which "may" be able to intercept. And perhaps the worst of it is that most of these fiendish devices do not represent existing and usable weapons—like the pre-1914 German and French infantry divisions, for example—but are only prototypes, just as *HMS Dreadnought* was when she came out in 1906. We cannot neglect their potentialities, yet for the present we cannot build rational military policy upon them. They compel us to live simultaneously in the shadow of the past (the older concept of war as an instrument of policy), the shadow of the present (ominous and unmanageable enough with the weapons actually in existence in quantity) and the shadow of a future of unbelievable terror, cost, complexity and inapplicability to any valid human purposes, Communist or non-Communist.



This is the arms race today, which seems fated to end in the same kind of disaster as did the race before 1914, only infinitely worse in its effects. Perhaps there is one difference. I believe that this time both the two great contenders are equally aware of the lethal nature of the dilemma in which both are trapped. I doubt that either a Russian or an American general staff today would make the same kind of mistake committed by the German General Staff before 1914. Von Schlieffen and his followers knew that the explosive potentials which they commanded were so great that any war would put a frightful strain upon all contenders; even Germany, they thought, could not long sustain such a conflict; therefore, any war would have to be a short one, which in turn meant that Germany would have to amass so overwhelming a striking power that victory would be attained in weeks. This was the foundation of the war plan employed by Germany in 1914; it was a concept which led in fact to four years of war ending not in victory but in calamitous defeat. Presumably, both Russian and American staffs are planning today upon quick victory, because total extinction seems to be the only alternative. I doubt whether either believes that its plans are adequate, as the Germans in 1914 thought that theirs were. Both know that they are really in a common dilemma—the inapplicability of any present or future form of military force in resolving the world problem.

IS THERE any escape from the dilemma? The Russians certainly have been able to offer none. It is curious how many good ideas have proceeded from Russia. In 1898, they proposed an arms "freeze." In 1918 (under the Bolsheviks), they proposed "peace without annexation or indemnities." In the inter-war years, they advocated total abolition of all national armaments. From the beginning of the atomic age, they have proposed total abolition of all nu-

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clear weapons. They are now proposing the abolition of nuclear testing. It is hard to deny that if any or all these proposals had been acceptable at the time they were offered, the world would be a happier and much safer place than it is. Why, then, did they so uniformly fail? The best answer seems to be that the Russians were never able or willing to make a realistic analysis of the power factors with which they were attempting to deal, and consequently were never able to advance any of these ideas except under the appearance of being merely a way of expanding Russian imperial interests or Russian security at the expense of the security and interests of the rest of the world.

Today, the Russian "peace offensives" still have the same character and are therefore similarly abortive. Unfortunately, the responses from the West, or from the United States as its leader, too often are of the same kind. Our own analysis of the place of military power in the international world often seems as defective, or myopic, as that of the Kremlin. Our own "peace offensives" are not very different from those emitted by Moscow, though they seem to be rather less successful with the uncommitted world to which they are supposed to appeal. Mr. Stassen, while earning an A for effort, does not seem to have been able to do much more than Secretary Dulles toward altering the essential dynamism of an arms race, the horribly lethal character of which must be apparent to all—in Moscow as well as in the United States.

Given the fact of a common dilemma, a common peril, a common necessity for substantial peace if any of the objectives of either the Communist or the Western world are to be achieved, it does seem that there is some better way than a continued building of what General Bradley has called "this electronic house of cards"—a technological arms race pyramiding in ever greater instability and uncertainty to the point of a collapse in which a thousand years of civilization are likely to perish. A "summit" conference will probably not be of much help at the moment; whatever small gains may be possible from continued "disarmament" negotiations are unlikely greatly to affect the nuclear-arms race which has been sweeping on as if the disarmament negotiators did not exist. But surely it is practically possible to reduce the tensions and the tempo of the competition. It is possible to return to the point achieved at Geneva in 1955, when each superpower declared, not only that it did not intend to wage war upon the other (the small-change of diplomacy), but that it believed the other did not intend to wage war upon itself. Nothing has really happened since to alter that fundamental statement of belief; if it is true on both sides still, as it seems to be, it should furnish a powerful foundation on which diplomacy might operate to reduce the nonsense (apparent in our own country as well as in Russia) generated by the idea that aggressive war is the most imminent danger now facing our two systems.

DOWN WITH the OTHER SEX . . *by David Cort*

THE relations between the sexes, even in those countries where the two are legally equal, are still attended with much pleasure, profit and nourishment. Or so one would suppose, until one looked at the American women's magazines, and then at the men's magazines. In the women's magazines, one finds a world, infinitely real in its details but wholly imaginary in the large, which is run entirely by females, smug and miserable. In the men's magazines, these particular women do not even make an appearance; instead, the men are either out shooting polar bears or kicking Miss America out of bed.

DAVID CORT, author of The Big Picture, *has aroused more controversy among* Nation *readers than almost any other contributor. This article will not decrease his batting average.*

Try as I will, I cannot organize these two worlds into one normal, heterosexual society. If I accept them both literally, the husbands and lovers in the women's magazines must be ghosts; and the houris and polar bears in the men's magazines are ghosts too. The two worlds are dream worlds in a dichotomy accepted by about half the population of the United States. Since dreams are always sacred, this is war.

The above sentence might be only the old cliché joke, were it not backed by some billions of dollars and the deep submarine tides of suppressed feelings in forty million homes.

The *Ladies Home Journal* has been running a series of ads to prove that women do all the retail buying; the men in the ads are hopeless simps.

True, a men's magazine, is running a counter-campaign asserting that it will be god-damned if women choose the brand of shaving cream, beer, whiskey, shirt, tire, insurance, etc.

Lady columnists have commented to this latter, "O.K., but don't crowd your luck."

AND THEN, in October, 1957, came *Playboy,* showing claws, with the message that the big women's magazines are loaded with morbid pornography—how to arouse your impotent husband, how to stand off your hungry husband, etc. *Playboy* gave chapter and verse to prove it. I don't think much of the argument, but I know blood when I smell it. And I don't feel that either antagonist has even begun to fight.

It is war all right, and a truly shocking war. For it pretends to divide the population of this country into two great "homosexual" groups—homosexual only in its basic sense of "same sex"—that turn their

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backs on the reality of each other and sate their egos with unprofitable ghosts, in some way compensatory for the failures of the opposite number who read the other magazines. Don't cry yet; this gets worse.

This sexual-social dichotomy is not entirely unfamiliar. In fact it reproduces the old-fashioned American middle-class party where the women and men huddled in separate groups, the individual thus confirming her or his status as one of the girls, or boys. The expression of non-adulterous interest in a person of the opposite sex was impossible, because nobody would have believed in it.

This is the same cold war of the sexes conducted by the magazines, as distinguished from the hot and healthy, heterosexual war. The cold war is Puritan or, on its other face, *roué*. It tries, even if not always successfully, to block a normal fearless exchange of affection. The two group-thinks, or party lines, are sick. The healthy individual must make his own way, in constant peril of running into a card-carrying party member in disguise.

The women's magazines typically —*McCall's, Ladies Home Journal, Good Housekeeping, Household, Family Circle, Woman's Day, Everywoman's*—address a woman in a home, which also includes an adult male and some junior males. The woman, however, is larger-than-life, like a queen bee; the others are minuscule. The woman of course buys everything used in the house; the husband has the function of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, but without power; the chief end of it all is to keep The Government happy, and the rabble quiet.

IT MAY BE coincidence, but in the stories the husband is impotent—and not only sexually. He just can't solve *any* problem. A *Ladies Home Journal* serial (October-November) presents a husband who is utterly impotent to defeat a vengeful lunatic who sets out to rape and murder the husband's whole family. (This situation, very scary if taken on its face, falls apart under sensible analysis.) Another, in *McCall's* (September), has a husband virile enough to knock down another man, but he isn't subtle enough to see through the other's widow and murderous sister-in-law. His wife has to do it all.

Not only men, but all human culture, is judged on its assimilability by the American wife. Thus in the October *McCall's,* a story character actually says, "The man who put the first automatic washer on the market did more to further the cause

of art than a whole generation of painters . . . gave leisure to millions of women so they could" [pursue the arts]. My own leisure doesn't help painting any; and I doubt whether a billion idle women will do it any good either; in fact a dozen or so of those wives may ruin husbands who might have done the arts some good.

Of course, besides being a genius as required, the wife learns in the women's magazines a great many things relevant to the home. These call themselves "service books" and are in fact that. They give innumerable tested and useful instructions on cooking, decoration, child-rearing, housekeeping, dressmaking or dress-buying, and gardening.

I have noticed, in the real world, that a woman does not live who is so degraded as not to think herself an expert on style, interior decoration, fashion (and usually gardening). Since the temperament of a genuinely feminine wife and mother is geared toward almost anything except a disinterested grasp of aesthetics, this claim provides one of the great running entertainments in life for men of taste. I have known three or four women who had real taste; the others have never paid any attention to my aesthetic opinions, to my great relief.

It would be suicidal to tell a woman that taste—the province of the women's magazines — is secondary, and a reflection of a view of life. There are many views of life that can produce an impeccable perfection—Assyrian, Gothic, the Adam brothers, Incan, Grand Rapids, if you know what you believe in and follow it through; in that case, you can even combine several styles. But a successful wife's point of view is the antithesis of aesthetic; and yet she has this manic delusion.

Therefore the women's magazines, whose editors know all this very well, must dispense advice on taste that is not exactly wrong; it is just nothing, except for an occasional accident. If you walk into a house that has been interestingly arranged without professional help, you have found a husband who participates in the family decisions, not a wife who reads the women's magazines.

WE HAVE veered from the magazine myth to reality, and here the women themselves know better than the magazine. (The magazine is only selling advertising, remember? Women Buy Everything.) Real women, fortunately, are fascinated by what real men think. This fascination, battered by the magazine propaganda, may be on the decline, but enough remains to be measured. Women are incredulous but fascinated to discover that a man can be so serious about a baseball team that he has to see the game on TV, even though his children are deprived. Women know very clearly what they are serious about—an area as sensible as it is limited. Their entertainment in life is to pry into the things men are serious about, especially when their comment is: "Crazy!"

As opposed to this reality, the September *Ladies Home Journal* gave the successful wife a test: Does your husband (1) go along with your decisions? (2) confide in you in most things? (3) compromise rather than argue strongly?

Certainly the *Journal's* advertising

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manager wants husbands whose wives can answer Yes to all three questions. But in fact I can hardly think of a successful husband, of the husbands I have known, who plays the game the *Journal's* way, though a good many try to give that impression. Most husbands try to give the cues long before they come to "decision," "confession," or the need to "argue strongly." Let us draw the curtain on these last terrible scenes, where *McCall's* editorial policies spatter the wall-to-wall carpeting with suburban blood. The husband's, of course.

The pretensions of the women's magazines reached a small climax in October when *McCall's* assembled 100 American wives for a "Congress on Better Living" in Washington, D. C. The first releases called it a "crusade," "unique probe," "completely uninhibited exposé." The ensuing revolutionary manifesto turned out to be a plaintive preference for bigger homes, smaller cars, bigger kitchens, dishwashers, more closets, more electric outlets, double beds, more fireplaces, and please stop calling us "housewives." The simple ladies finally blew up *McCall's* basic premise by confiding shyly that their husbands have a big say in the buying of everything, and even go shopping for home furnishings. The husbands cannot stand paper napkins and soft mattresses.

Like the healthy ladies in Washington, at least one women's magazine seems to submit to the winds of heterosexual reality. *Good Housekeeping* evidently does not despise men; the November issue even has an article, "I Am a Man Fan," which admires men because they like life simple and to the point. *Good Housekeeping* is in general edited without the irritating female braggadocio noticed elsewhere.

THE READERS of the men's magazines are divided by much more than sex from the readers of the women's magazines. The most astonishing difference, if the magazines reflect the readers' lives, is that these men are homeless.

The readers of *True* (2,228,000), *Argosy* (1,446,000), *Saga* (474,000), *Cavalier* (352,000), *For Men Only* (315,000) *et al.* evidently live off the land in the jungle or bush, or on the veldt, range or ice-cap, and spend their lives gun-fighting, smuggling, pearl-diving, detecting, and hunting and fishing for uniquely large and terrifying game. (The straight outdoors magazines make hardly any effort to be this exciting.)

The readers of the next group, typified by *Sir* (344,000), are equally homeless. They can still read, but their hearts lie in whorehouse life, harem slave markets, vice in Ancient Rome, the leavings of Kinsey, crazy psychiatrists, speedways and strip-tease joints. A tragic note is struck by the advertisements: "All Lonely Men! Regardless of Age!", "If You Are Lonesome," "Why Be Lonely?", "Tryst for Love."

After these, for readers who have completely given up on the printed word, are the naked-women magazines. But here it may be said that it is curiously difficult to be neurotic with pictures.

The readers of *Playboy* (circulation not given, but over 1,000,000) seem to inhabit a quite literate girl-trap (but girls knew about traps before wolverines did) where an occasional omelette or casserole is whipped up and the hi-fi rolls on above the shrieks of love.

The common denominator of them all is guns and fast cars. The readers do not seem to need advice on how to shave or shine their shoes or clean up the place or—God forbid—garden. All they want to be told is: men are terrific.

A STRANGE exception to the homelessness is found in *Esquire* (846,000). In its recent, rather inscrutable, evolution, the naked-girl fold-out has vanished, and the reader is somebody like Dave Garroway, Steve Allen or Clifton Fadiman, with a library, wine cellar, hi-fi, sports car, and possibly even a wife and children. In the December issue are fifteen pages of a new libretto by Menotti and some quaint parlor tricks to amuse the guests after dinner. Much of it actually debunks typical men's magazine material: Mae West, "sick jokes," Westbrook Pegler, etc.

The advertising reveals, astonishingly, that there is something else women don't buy: their own perfume. Any cosmetics salesgirl will confirm this. Women are too cheap to buy their own perfume and limit themselves to toilet water. All the perfume companies advertise in *Esquire.*

This is very far from *True,* where you are faced with sure death on every other page. Raw courage sees you through. Or you are annihilated. It would make ideal reading for the Three Hundred before Thermopylae, or Custer's last hour.

For the modern man, the repetition of the Super-Colossal Peril grows characteristically very tired. Every issue is obliged to have its Johnstown flood, Chicago fire, Galveston flood, San Francisco earthquake and an article on how to kill somebody with your bare hands. The supply soon runs out and has the gratifying effect of sending these magazines into the history books and out into the whole wide world. The aim is still to exhaust the reader's adrenalin resources. If a reader ever got in a real jam, where he needed the adrenalin in a hurry, he would find himself drained. He would already have made his fight in *True.*

Occasionally a story reveals the characters as charging around stupidly and cravenly; I was amused to realize that this performance interested me. I felt superior and contemptuous: emotions anybody would pay for. Why not a new magazine called *Coward*?

Unfortunately, this demand seems to have been met in a crop of magazines called *True Men, Champ, Mr., Battle Cry, Man's Action,* etc. A recent series in the New York *Daily News* characterized these as a threat to our military morale. Along with the strip-teasers and the general violence are accounts of drunken, brawling and cowardly American servicemen. One article is titled: American Soldiers Have No Guts! Another article claimed that WACs below the rank of major are prostitutes reserved for officers and visiting Congressmen. The GI is consistently labeled a slob, sucker, pig. The heroes are, of course, our former enemies; and in this not unprecedented phenomenon there is a touch of magna-

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nimity, as coming from the victors. These magazines seem abominable slop, but they will pass.

It should be noted that public libraries do not carry any of the men's magazines, even those devoid of naked women.

The women have thus won, for now, the magazine war of the sexes.

A great law of life is that it is binary, or dual, or biological. It runs on two rails. Certainly there are conflicts in the dual arrangement; but they are not solved by cowards who propose the marvelous solution of simply eliminating one contestant. Surely, in the end, the women's magazines cannot really win; they will only drive the men's magazines to yet wilder frenzies. And if a lot of women are miserable, the blame must be equally divided between the two propagandas.

The whole picture has its pathos.

THE FCC INQUIRY . . *by Roland W. May*

Washington, D.C.

THIS IS THE story of a Congressional investigating committee that tried hard not to succeed.

A year ago the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight was assigned the task of looking into a dozen or so "independent" regulatory commissions. But when the subcommittee's staff submitted a twenty-eight-page memorandum last month containing specific charges against specific (but unnamed) commissioners, the cries of outrage from the majority of subcommittee members could be heard across Independence Avenue.

This strange reaction aroused the interest of some newsmen, who learned that the subcommittee itself was a fit subject for investigation.

They found the group was operating in a strange tangle of plots, counterplots and sub-plots. And the key to the tangle was Representative Oren Harris, a rural Arkansas Democrat whose modest fame derived from his sponsorship of a bill to take federal controls off natural gas. The controls are—or are supposed to be—applied by the Federal Power Commission, one of the agencies to be investigated.

Harris is chairman of the subcommittee's parent group, the powerful House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. As such, he has a great deal to say about the subcommittee's operations.

To start at the beginning, it was Sam Rayburn himself who left the Speaker's chair on February 5, 1957, and stepped to the floor of the House to demand a searching probe of the regulatory commissions. He said evidence had piled up to support the suspicion that some commissions were protecting big interests in their various industries, rather than the public. The press corps knew Harris was slated for the assignment.

RAYBURN'S action was puzzling. For one thing, rumors of corruption and blatant partiality were strongest against the Federal Communications Commission, and the Speaker's nephew—Robert T. Bartley—is a member of that agency. For another, consumer groups have charged the FPC with failure to do its duty in regulating gas producers—and these producers are dear to old Sam's heart. Nearly every independent producer of consequence was represented at the recent dedication of the Rayburn Library in Texas, and the mutual affection was obvious.

The consensus was that Rayburn smelled something rotten in Denmark, and he'd clean it up no matter who got hurt. He had been in on the "borning" of all but one of the commissions; they were his children and he wanted them to behave.

Harris, acting on orders from his close friend Rayburn, drew up the rules of the new subcommittee. They were curious rules. The $250,000 in expenses and the power to subpoena were to be controlled by Harris, rather than the subcommittee chairman. And Harris saw to it that he and the parent committee's ranking Republican, Charles Wolverton, of New Jersey, could vote in the subcommittee any time they wished, though they weren't members.

Harris reached into the Commerce group to tap Representative Morgan Moulder for the post of subcommittee chairman. Reporters hastily checked reference books to find out who the unknown was. About all they discovered in the way of distinction was that Moulder was the only member of the Missouri delegation who had voted for the gas bill.

Now the fight for the staff began. Reporters who tried to learn what was happening discovered that Harris wanted certain men in the group and wouldn't consider filling the post of general counsel until his demands were met. In this he was supported by Representative Joseph J. O'Hara, Sr., a maverick Minnesota Republican who is half the sponsorship of the Harris-O'Hara gas bill. As far as could be learned, the strongest opponent of Harris' plans was Representative John Moss, a California Democrat.

WHEN THE curtain rose in August, the capital viewed the scene with mixed emotions. The staff was headed by Dr. Bernard Schwartz, a scholar in the field of constitutional law who had earned a nation-wide reputation at New York University. But his politics were unknown. (So unknown, that a worried White House took steps to find out; Presidential legal adviser Gerald Morgan discussed Schwartz's political background with the dean of the N.Y.U. Law School.)

Schwartz arrived in Washington with three trusted aides. He has since relied almost exclusively on them for important or confidential

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RONALD W. MAY, author of McCarthy—the Man, the Senator, the Ism, *is Washington correspondent of the Madison, Wisconsin,* Capital Times.

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assignments. His dubious attitude toward some members of his staff was understandable. One was Joseph J. O'Hara, Jr., son of the subcommittee member. Another was Herman Clay Beasley, who left his job as Harris' aide to become chief clerk of the subcommittee.

Visible and invisible forces were at work, and they were hard to calculate. Added to the influences of the gas-bill supporters—Rayburn, Harris and O'Hara—and the White House, were several others.

There was the unexpected zeal of Schwartz. To everyone's surprise, in view of the circumstances of his hiring, he proved no ivory-tower philosopher, but a relentless, outspoken and fiercely independent searcher after the facts—including facts of corruption and malfeasance that brought shivers to persons in high places in both parties.

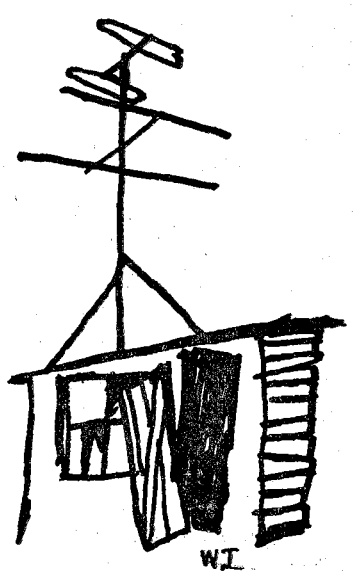
Then there was the considerable force of the radio and television industry and its friends in Congress. If only a tenth of the stories about the goings-on in this field and the way members of the Federal Communications Commission toadied to political and economic biggies were true, a show would result that would make the gaudiest television spectacular look like an after-midnight rerun of a ten-year-old movie.

When Harris became chairman of the Commerce committee in January of 1957, he almost immediately accepted a fourth ownership in KRBB, a television station in El Dorado, Arkansas. He gave $500 in cash and a $4,500 promissory note, which has never been paid. The new station, operating in the red, soon afterward applied for FCC approval to expand from almost minimum to maximum power. The FCC indicated it would hold hearings on the request. KRBB is affiliated with the National Broadcasting Company, owned by the Radio Corporation of America. One of the most persistent complaints about the broadcasting industry is that RCA-NBC has grown to be such a colossus that it dominates both programming and manufacturing. Critics say this occurred through the partiality of the FCC toward the massed power of the combine.

The FCC files—and Harris himself—say that KRBB needed credit before Harris got in, but afterward it received a $400,000 line of credit from a bank and more than $200,000 credit from RCA. Yet Harris insists he is a man of modest means. Where did the financial backing come from?

BY THE FALL of 1957, it was general knowledge that counsel Schwartz was centering his probe on the FCC. And Harris was busy holding hearings of the parent committee on pay-TV, a system that he condemns almost as heatedly as does RCA-NBC. Thus Harris was an interested party in a case before the FCC at the same time that he was investigating the commission and holding hearings on a new system vitally affecting both the commission and the industry. (The second leading investigator in this field, Senator Warren G. Magnuson, Democrat of Washington, went through the motions two years ago of investigating the FCC. He ended with no revelations, but with FCC approval of a 4 per cent interest acquired by him in a Seattle station soon to go on the air. The FCC handed KIRO-TV the license over two competing groups and the Columbia Broadcasting System quickly switched its network affiliation from a Tacoma station to Magnuson's.)

Apparently before anyone knew about it, Schwartz sent questionnaires last fall to commissioners of the six major regulatory agencies (including the FCC and FPC) demanding the facts—if any—on acceptance of gifts from persons in the various industries. And other inquiries about gifts to commissioners went to lawyers and executives involved in cases before the agencies. Cries of alarm rang out, and *Broadcasting* magazine sounded an attack on the New York upstart.



Harris moved fast. He ruled that Schwartz could not inspect the replies, which were to be looked over only by Moulder. Now lights burned far into the night in the little concrete structure—a former pumping station—just west of the new House Office Building. The "Schwartz boys" were putting together a document, and the "Harris boys" on the staff told the Arkansas Congressman that something ought to be done.

A FEW KEEN observers predicted what would happen next. The subcommittee met in mid-January to question Schwartz, and he presented the twenty-eight-page memorandum making charges about gifts, favoritism and fraternizing with litigants in the FCC. The memorandum was stamped "secret." Then Schwartz was asked to prepare a motion that would limit his investigation to a "general survey" of the philosophy and legal complexity of the agencies, excluding specific cases of wrongdoing. He did as he was told and the resolution was duly introduced and passed. Moulder and Moss are reported to have fought a short-lived and losing minority battle against the resolution.

The memo, of course, leaked. After parts of it turned up in the Washington *Post* and Drew Pearson's column, *The New York Times* printed the whole document.

The next day Harris met for two hours with the subcommittee and then for more than three hours with the parent group. In a press conference that evening, he said the memorandum belonged to Schwartz, and the subcommittee members themselves knew nothing about the charges. He said the allegations in the document might be the subject of hearings, and they might not. And the hearings might be open, and they might not.

On the same afternoon a mimeograph machine in the FCC was busy

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turning out a news release: The FCC approved the expansion of Harris' station, KRBB, without the hearings it had once said might be necessary. And it was later that night that Harris told a reporter that he had sold his stock in the station. The reason, he said, was continual "harassment" by newsmen.

But *The New York Times* leak had done its work. In the face of mounting pressure, Harris said Schwartz's charges—chiefly against the FCC—would probably get a hearing, but the FCC would be the last of the "big six" to take the stand. He went ahead with a week of "general" questioning of the six commission chairmen, but the big news was the confirmation of the charge that FCC members had accepted color television sets from RCA-NBC (even as had the White House), and the admission by FCC chairman John Doerfer that he had been paid $575 by the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters in 1954 after he and his wife traveled to the group's convention in Spokane, Washington. Doerfer said the law permitted acceptance of "honorariums" in such cases.

The Doerfer admission was the last straw. Harris acknowledged that specific charges now had been made by Schwartz against five of the seven FCC commissioners and they would be called at once to answer.

A brash newsman finally brought out into the open a thought that many harbored. He asked Harris if he had heard the report that a plot was afoot by which the FCC probe was to be killed to save Republicans a scandal, in return for which Republicans would vote for Harris' gas bill. "There is not a word of truth in it," Harris angrily replied. "It is absolutely false."

The gas bill passed the House Commerce and Rules committees early last year. It was not put to a floor vote because surveys showed it lacked about a dozen votes for passage. Knowledgeable persons reported that the margin was down to six at the beginning of the current year. But the shenanigans in the Moulder committee and the rumored "deal" have had their effect. Republicans who once supported the bill now fear campaign charges against them in the future, and are deserting it. Today, the best estimate is that Rayburn and Harris lack twenty-five votes for passage.

The committee that didn't want to succeed is on its way to a greater success than anyone expected.

FAULKNER'S 'POPEYE' . . *by Robert Cantwell*

IN THE summer issue of the *Sewanee Review* for 1932, Professor Adwin Wigfall Green wrote that the characters of William Faulkner's new novel, *Sanctuary*, were taken from life. Professor Green was in a position to know. He was the author of one of the first, and still one of the best, critical essays on Faulkner. He lived in Faulkner's home town of Oxford, Mississippi, and teaches in the University of Mississippi there. In 1932 he was at the beginning of a distinguished career which combined teaching and the law, as Faulkner was at the beginning of his career as a novelist.

Professor Green's identification of the characters in *Sanctuary* was direct and unequivocal. In the novel, a gangster named Popeye, sexually impotent, kidnaps an eighteen-year-old girl and assaults her under circumstances of intense pain and humiliation, first murdering a man before her eyes by shooting him in the back of the head. The instrument employed in the sexual assault is not described at that stage of the story. The girl, shattered and helpless, is taken to a Memphis brothel and imprisoned there, Popeye's sexual gratification coming from watching her in the arms of a lover he has provided for her, and who is likewise murdered at his order. Professor Green wrote:

> *Sanctuary* . . . is probably the most local of Faulkner's novels. The heroine, an "Ole Miss" student, and the hero, a University of Virginia graduate, are taken from life, as is Popeye, one of the innumerable base characters, who is undoubtedly Popeye Pumphrey, a Memphis racketeer who recently attempted suicide.

Professor Green made an understandable error in saying that Popeye Pumphrey, the gangster, had attempted suicide; otherwise, the substance of his essay is confirmed by inquiry into Pumphrey's career. The most celebrated Memphis underworld figure of the time, he was simply known as Popeye, as is the villain of Faulkner's novel, and was generally referred to by that term in the press — just as Capone was usually called Scarface. Popeye Pumphrey was a man of good family, highly intelligent, and pleasant appearing. His real name was Neil Karens Pumphrey. He was born in 1903, and thus was two or three years older than the Popeye pictured in *Sanctuary*. His father was a wealthy cotton man who dealt in real estate. His mother was the daughter of the attorney general of Arkansas. The family lived on Union Street in what was considered a good section of Memphis and, in the words of the Memphis *Press-Scimitar*, "the boy started life under the most favorable circumstances — born into one of the oldest families of West Tennessee, sent to the best schools, given every advantage."

The Neil in his name was never used, his family calling him Karens. He was excitable, and it was said that his nickname, Popeye, was acquired in childhood during a game of marbles; he had a habit of opening his eyes wide when excited. His first trouble with the law came while he was still in grammar school, when he was taken into juvenile court in a dispute having to do

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with an air rifle. Sent away to school, he received excellent grades, and was characterized as "abnormally intelligent" by one of his teachers.

When he returned to Memphis, Popeye was ostracized by the Memphis boys of his own age, for reasons that are not known. At eighteen he was arrested for vagrancy, paying a $25 fine. Two years later he was sentenced to a year in prison for carrying a pistol. The conviction started a long-drawn-out legal battle. A week after his appeal was denied, Governor Peay of Tennessee pardoned him, saying he "ought to be given a chance to make a man of himself," and charging him to "stay in at night, get a job, and go to work."

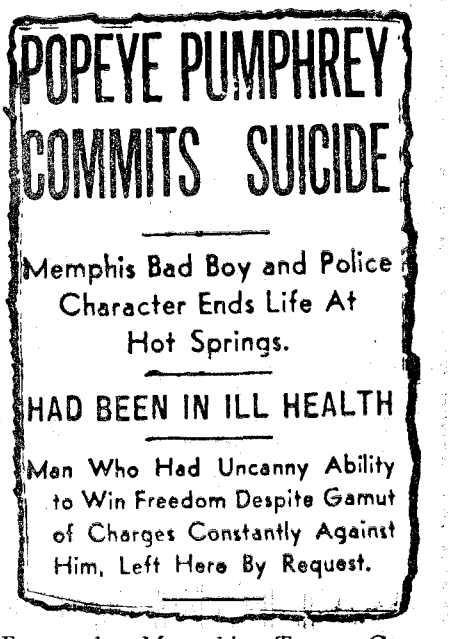
The following year — that is, in 1924, when he was twenty-one — Popeye was acquitted on a liquor charge. In 1925, he was arrested on three occasions, and was also implicated in the $10,000 robbery of the Arrow Food Stores in Memphis. Three other men, identified as B. B. Wright, Brick Peeples and Snappy Chandler, were indicted for the robbery, but Popeye was released. He was also arrested in New Orleans in connection with a $30,000 robbery in Birmingham, Alabama, but was again released.

THE PRESS, in writing of Popeye's escapades, no longer bothered now with such phrases as "police claimed" or "it was alleged." He was known as the leader of large-scale underworld operations, including highjacking. Once he was arrested with 175 gallons of whiskey in his possession, this time escaping with a $250 fine. He was arrested three times in 1926 and three times in 1927, the charges ranging from gambling to assault to murder. In seven years he was arrested twenty times, but — except for the single fine — he always escaped punishment. The Memphis *Commercial Appeal* said:

> Police dogged his footsteps, and arrested him at every opportunity only to release him after investigation. He could not possibly have committed all the crimes of which he was accused, but, on the other hand, Inspector Will Griffin, his particular nemesis, admitted that "We can't work up a case against Popeye that will stick."

There was hardly a major robbery or swindle in the area that was not attributed to him. But among all the charges brought against him, there were no sex crimes. His family stood by him, and he himself insisted he was entirely innocent, saying, "I'm in wrong with the police. They won't let me alone." His mother, with bewildering candor, discussed his sex life with reporters, saying he was afraid of girls, and insisted that he was merely an adventure-loving youth. "He has the wanderlust," she said. "He craves adventure, and he will find it." By the late twenties, Popeye's reputation extended far beyond his native city. At twenty-five, he was a gangster celebrity, not quite of national stature, but in the rank just below that of Capone or Dutch Shultz or Legs Diamond. *The New York Times* never succeeded in quite getting his name spelled right, calling him N. K. Humphrey, or Kearns Humphrey, which complicates research on the period when he was becoming known outside Memphis.

ACCORDING TO his own account of the origin of *Sanctuary,* Faulkner wrote the novel in three weeks in the summer of 1929. His previous books had not sold, and as he now faced family responsibilities — on June 20, 1929, he had married Estelle Oldham Franklin, who had had children by a previous marriage — he "took a little time out" to deliberate on current trends in the United States and fabricate a story that would make money by conforming with them. The result was the horror story of Popeye's assault on Temple Drake. So far as the elementary mechanics of thrillers was concerned, Faulkner had no trouble. His narrative style, when uncluttered with high-brow and Joycean verbal and typographical tricks, was fast and exciting. The tension in his prose was such that he far surpassed the most expert hacks in the essential stuff of thrillers — Popeye, the beady-eyed killer, gun in hand, an aggressively sadistic monster; the macabre humor of the brothel scene as the country boys wander in where



POPEYE PUMPHREY COMMITS SUICIDE

Memphis Bad Boy and Police Character Ends Life At Hot Springs.

HAD BEEN IN ILL HEALTH

Man Who Had Uncanny Ability to Win Freedom Despite Gamut of Charges Constantly Against Him, Left Here By Request.

From the Memphis, Tenn., Commercial Appeal, *October 29, 1931.*

Temple is held prisoner; the concentrated action and violence in the old tradition of thrillers, but linked to an atrocious crime, and taking place in the midst of familiar surroundings.

Faulkner sent *Sanctuary* to his publisher in New York, who was horrified. "Good God, I can't publish this," he said. "We'd both be jailed." Faulkner accordingly decided that his venture into hack writing had not come off. He got a job as a fireman in the power plant of the light company in Oxford, working from six o'clock at night until six in the morning.

At this time, the real Popeye was holed up in Kansas City; according to the Kansas City police, he was wanted for three murders in different parts of the country. A nation-wide search for him was supposedly under way. On Saturday night, June 22, 1929, this "gambler and rambler," as he now called himself, was standing in front of the La Salle Hotel in downtown Kansas City. Four gunmen were with him. One was Ben Berretti, a Chicago mobster, wanted for the gangland killing of Max Silverstein in Los Angeles three months before, for a murder in Dallas, for a Galveston murder committed during a $6,000-payroll holdup, and for three murders in Chicago, where he had jumped $20,000 bail. Another

(*Continued on page 148*)

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Hart Crane and His Friends

Oscar Cargill

IT IS to be hoped that the publication in paperbacks within the year of *The Complete Poems of Hart Crane* and of Philip Horton's admirable biography* will arouse in a new generation of readers something of the enthusiasm for Crane's poetry which existed in the late twenties, but which was savagely extinguished at the beginning of the next decade. To be sure, Crane himself made an almost fatal error when he forsook the papal immunity that discipleship to Mr. Eliot had previously provided him and, in signing off, designated his former mentor a "religious gunman." This not wholly inapplicable epithet had the scent of a man in it, and the wolf pack found the carcass that Crane himself had thought to bury in the deep. They had his blood, and his liver and his lights, and only fragments of him got embalmed in the anthologies, giving further force to the declaration of his assassins that Crane was "only a fragmentary poet or a poet of fragments" anyway. They should know—they tore him to bits.

Many readers who have known Hart Crane only piecemeal or not at all (the original edition of *The Complete Poems*, compiled by Waldo Frank in 1933, has long been out of print) will be possessed by the soaring imagination of the whole design of *The Bridge*; will find that *Voyages* is six poems, not one; and will read a score of other brilliantly executed poems never anthologized. The freshly initiated reader, led to Philip Horton's *Hart Crane*, will discover in it one of the most understanding studies ever made of tortured genius. Dispassionate presentation of as bad a parentage as a man ever had made it unnecessary for Horton to gloss over either Crane's alcoholism or his homosexuality; the clouds stand but through them shine the true gifts of the poet. If the poet's reputation is at all recoverable, the merits of this hitherto unobtainable biography, written twenty years ago and forgotten with its repudiated subject, may be realized again too. The modest paper presentation of both books augurs well for new readers unaffected by the critical abuse heaped on Crane before his death in 1932.

IT IS an unpleasant historical fact that the assault upon the *corpus* of Crane was led by two lesser poets whom he had counted as his friends: Yvor Winters and Allen Tate. Nothing is gained by exploring their motivation, but something might be salvaged for Hart Crane by noting the nature and limits of the attack and what remains of the poetry beyond its scope. *The Bridge* is Crane's masterwork, and the attack is concentrated almost entirely on it: Tate finds fault with the poem's substance and symbolism; Winters, with its structure.

Tate writes, "If we subtract from Crane's idea its periphery of sensation, we have left only the dead abstraction, the Greatness of America, which is capable of elucidation neither on the logical plane nor in terms of a generally accepted idea of America." Now, as we know from the letters to Otto Kahn, and as Allen Tate knew from Crane's letters to him, *The Bridge* was constructed on the analogy of a symphony. Who would think of "subtracting" from a symphony "its periphery of sensation"? Yet that is precisely what Tate does and he is left with an abstract idea which he affirms is "Greatness of America," an impossible idea — for a *symphony*? Anton Dvorak and "The New World Symphony" would have fared very badly had Allen Tate been in Henry Krehbiel's or James Huneker's shoes. It is gratuitous after this, surely, to belabor Hart Crane for lacking "indispensable understanding" of America; like Charles Beard, according to Mr. Tate, he has only "information" about it.

But the theme of *The Bridge* is *not* "the Greatness of America," as Tate assumes, but the instinctive aspiration of America toward universal love—a theme good enough for any aspiring symphonic structure, such as Brooklyn Bridge, with its "choiring strings," to symbolize:

> Of stars Thou art the stitch and stallion glow
> And like an organ, Thou, with sound of doom—
> Sight, sound and flesh Thou leadest from time's realm
> As love strikes clear direction for the helm.

This passage, found in "Atlantis," the last section of the poem but the first written, is clearly led up to throughout, giving the whole composition a unity that is not allowed by those who have misread it.

As for symbolism, Crane's use of which Tate terms "irrational," the most offensive example to this critic is that of the subway in the section called "The Tunnel." "There is no reason," says Mr. Tate, "why the subway should be a fitter symbol of damnation than the aeroplane: both were produced by the same mentality on the same moral plane." This gem of criticism may properly be taken as symbolic of the mental plane on which the whole analysis of *The Bridge* has been conducted. The Bridge, whose "curveship lends a myth to God," leads men out of "time's realm" in the last section of the poem; this symbolism is matched in the previous section. "The Tunnel," by a "counter-curveship" which traverses hell, as the poet, self-identifying with Edgar Allan Poe, proceeds

*The Complete Poems of Hart Crane. *Edited by Waldo Frank. Doubleday. 95c.*

Hart Crane: The Life of an American Poet. *By Philip Horton. The Viking Press. $1.25.*

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under the East River to Brooklyn. It's as simple as that.

Before writing *The Bridge* Crane had discovered a principle of organization from his study of Rimbaud which he extended from the synesthetic metaphor ("cloudy clinch of bandy eyes") to elements of structure. He condemned in his poem "For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen" those who had not the imagination to structure poetry by opposites as well as by identicals:

> There is the world dimensional
> for those untwisted by the
> love of things irreconcilable . . .

The attacks upon the structure of *The Bridge* have all come from those operating in "the world dimensional"; if the principle of opposites were applied, as it has just been applied to the last two sections of the poem, *The Bridge* would have the unity denied it. Mr. Winters makes a travesty of Crane's decent modesty by using statements from his personal letters to indicate that the poet was not himself conscious of any unifying principle; in the tightest place, he does this with only a superficial glance at the poem itself: "When Crane was putting the sequence into final order, he wrote me that he wanted to include the [three] songs because he liked them, but that he was not sure the inclusion would be justified."

The "Three Songs," constituting Section IV of *The Bridge*, are "Southern Cross," "National Winter Garden" and "Virginia." Even in Winters' inadequate and inaccurate description of them, these three poems are related to one another through the principle of musical counterpoint and are variants upon the main theme of *The Bridge*: "Southern Cross" is "a kind of love poem addressed to the constellation . . . as if the constellation were . . . a female divinity"; "National Winter Garden" is "a vision of love as lust"; and "Virginia" is a "slight and casual vision of sentimental love in the city." It would seem that Hart Crane had found a way to integrate the lyrics in his structure. Organically the group occupies an identical place with the single lyric used by Eliot in *The Waste Land* and in each of the *Four Quartets*.

THERE exists no adequate examination of *The Bridge*; but if it were examined as a symphonic composition, rather than as an "epic" (the term Tate applies to it, despite his knowledge of the author's intention), and if the author's original principles were kept in mind, it would be found to be a genuine poem of a high order, as carefully developed as it is enriched with vivid metaphor. There also exists only casual and passing treatment of Crane's other poetry. He was able to impart something of the eternal restlessness of the sea to his descriptive verses without the aid of imitative metre, such as Southey and Longfellow used. Disheartened by Winters' obtuseness to his effects, he remarked that someone should buy the latter a cruise. In "Faustus and Helen" he had seen the face that launched a thousand ships in the features of a homebound working girl on a Brooklyn trolley. Pressing this principle of social opposites (Faustus was the son of a wealthy candy manufacturer) Hart Crane wrote some of the most sympathetic as well as the most imaginative lyrics of his generation. Consider "Black Tambourine," "The Idiot" and "Stark Major." Or consider, in the subjective mood, "A Postscript," set at the end of his verses:

> Friendship agony! words came to me
> At last shyly. My only final friends—
> the wren and thrush, made solid
> print for me
> across dawn's broken arc. . . .

The Time of Ellen Glasgow

LETTERS OF ELLEN GLASGOW. Edited by Blair Rouse. Harcourt, Brace and Company. 384 pp. $6.75.

Katherine Hoskins

THESE letters of Ellen Glasgow start when she was in her early twenties and carry her pretty steadily to seventy-five. It appears that there are still vast stores of them in the hands of friends, publishers and college libraries. So we must suppose that the editor, Blair Rouse, has made a good and fair selection with, as he says, "regard for biographical, literary and philosophical relevance." He has certainly provided the book with a fine index.

For those intimate with Miss Glasgow or her work, this re-creation may well be pleasing. It shows her a loyal and enthusiastic friend, a lover of animals and nature, and a conscientious and devoted worker in the field of fiction. For one who does not approach with old familiar knowledge and affection, the figure that emerges is often disconcerting.

Though it is an attitude that I'm sure would have got me scant thanks from the lady in question, I found myself frequently making excuses for her. When she hectors her publishers, which she did from the age of twenty-three on; well, if more writers did so, perhaps their lot would be easier. Or, she announces, "As a comedy of manners I feel (why should I pretend to false modesty?) that *The Romantic Comedians* has never been surpassed in the art form." Away with recollections of *La Princesse de Clèves*, of *Northanger Abbey*, of *Daisy Miller*—and let us pretend that sixty-three is old enough to excuse a trifle of arrogance. Throughout the letters, there runs a damnation of the modern world wherein Literature hasn't a chance and the Vulgar call the tune. At the same time, she refuses support for a literary fellowship on the grounds that, "modern poetry . . . suffers nowadays, I think, from too much coddling." That was in 1937. Well, the modern world *is* damnable and the artist has a hard time. Still, by her own admission, Miss Glasgow had many and perspicuous readers and never at any time difficulty in getting published. She won the Pulitzer prize, was given honorary degrees. So, we bring in her lifelong struggle against illness and deafness to plead for her acerbity. And it is not our fault if we remember, too, that as often as it acts as an enricher and instructor, illness tends to freeze the spirit in petulance and youngness.

TO LEAVE the condescension implied by excuses—I think that the matter of time is important in dealing with Miss

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Glasgow. Born in 1875, she came to her maturity in that extraordinarily peaceful, innocent, ignorant, complacent and delightful backwater that seems to have been the Eastern United States between 1880 and 1914. By 1900, she had decided—wonderfully and rebelliously enough—that a Virginia gentlewoman might write grown-up novels about the South. (And I should say here that her autobiography, *The Woman Within,* gives a much fuller and more appealing account of these early years than is to be found in her *Letters.*)

But her literary tastes indicate perhaps as well as anything the extent of her rebellion. She had good and generous words for Mary Johnston, Julia Peterkin, Dubose Heyward, "Cousin" Stark Young and many others. Of *The Yearling,* she writes, "Few books have ever moved me more deeply. . . . It is a perfect thing of its kind, with the accent of inevitability that tempts me to use the word 'genius'." On the other hand, she found most of Elizabeth Madox Roberts' characters "singularly repulsive," as also "the sodden futilitarians and the corncob cavaliers of Mr. Faulkner." Her scorn for Steinbeck and Hemingway was absolute.

In the European vineyard, we are given lip service with many reservations for James and (this in the autobiography) for Conrad. The latter's work, "with the exception of *Heart of Darkness* has not lasted so well." For younger writers, we get such phrases as, "when I read of D. H. Lawrence and all the other strutting, sad-eyed martyrs of literature . . ."; ". . . though I think Virginia Woolf is a great artist but a fatal influence." And, to balance (from the autobiography), a citation of *The Old Wives' Tale* as "one of the very greatest of English novels."

Clearly, one can dislike Faulkner or Lawrence and still be saved. But these comments suggest that, like a small-time bandit, absorbed in her private guerrilla fighting, Miss Glasgow closed her ears against the real revolution that had been growling like a thunder-storm long before its explosion in 1914. She seems to have felt no personal need for, nor slightest sympathy with, the liberative forces that, for all their foolishness and somersaults, opened so many doors—some onto dead-ends, of course, but others onto avenues that we are still exploring. It is as if she couldn't hear the trumpets for the cat-calls; and refused ever to be amused.

PERHAPS, as much as any one quality, it is her solemnity, her inability for the outrageous, the off-beat, the absurd that mark Miss Glasgow's letters and more formal works as those of an intelligent gentlewoman rather than of an artist. Though it may well turn out to be its distinguishing characteristic, an ability for such is by no means confined to the twentieth century. It has indeed been, and ever since Job, the pectoral muscle of the artist.

But, whatever the past held or the future might bring, the backwater of 1880-1914 that shaped Miss Glasgow was singularly devoid of nourishment for this particular strength. And there is no evidence that she ever missed it. She was only thirty-three when she wrote, "I have been diverting myself with Schopenhauer who is decidedly more interesting than fiction besides being a better training for the muscles of the intellect." Such words, so in line with the best pedagogical thinking of the backwater, seem strange and a little sad coming from a young woman determined to become "a great novelist or none at all."

Minor Realism for a Major Poet

Owls that cry in the night. . . .
Indeed their voice is enchanting,
With a far-away roll and fall. . . .
Actually make their hoots
To petrify as it were
And scare stiff small animals. . . .

We must go elsewhere
Than the cry of the hoot owl
Somewhere beyond realism,
For the tone of the poetical.

RICHARD EBERHART

The Nation, December 7, 1957

Don't go elsewhere.
You have it right, right there,
Only just not exactly.

The owl hunts by ear
And little animals, still,
Whether in sleep or fear
But starve him strictly.
He hunts as dumb as death.
Hoot? He'd not breathe
If he could kill and hold his breath.

But if love's poetical
And your fine poems figure it that way,
The plainest way of all,—
Don't go, Dick, stay—
(*Somewhere beyond realism,*
Certainly) with the real:
With *the voices enchanting,*
The voices, as you say,
Far away roll and fall
Of owls in love at play.

MARIE DE L. WELCH

Reviews in Brief

FICTION

WE'LL TO THE WOODS NO MORE. By Edouard Dujardin. Introduction by Leon Edel. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. New Directions. 146 pp. $3.

HAD James Joyce on his journey from Dublin to Paris in 1902 not read Edouard Dujardin's *Les Lauriers sont coupés,* and later paid "tribute to it as the principal source of the stream-of-consciousness techniques in his Dublin Odyssey," it is unlikely that this slender, semi-comic valentine would have found its way into an English translation. Nor indeed could a reviewer recommend this translation of what Leon Edel, in true Jamesian style, describes as "the rare and beautiful case of a minor work which launched a major movement." But Mr. Edel's "rare and beautiful" introductory essay compensates for the curiously inept English of the novel itself.

Stuart Gilbert, whose translations of Saint-Exupéry expressed so well the spirit of the original, has here adopted the convention of an 1890-ish London style to convey the very Parisian atmosphere of this quite simply written tour de force. Where Dujardin writes, *"Ah, posséder pareille fortune!"* Mr. Gilbert translates, "It's devilish fine to have a fortune like that." Yet this translation, sounding more like the "interior monologue" of a visiting Englishman than of a native Parisian, is not a reason for readers interested in the development of the modern novel to steer away from Edel's stimulating introduction.

BREAKING POINT. By Jacob Presser. World Publishing Co. 92 pp. $2.50.

THIS "Factual Novel" tells of the moral dilemma of an intellectual, non-religious Jew who—in order to preserve, or at least prolong, his life—collaborates actively with the Nazi director of Westerbork, the clearing camp of all the Jews in Holland during the German occupation. The author, a professor of Contemporary History at the University of Amsterdam, has for the past eight years been preparing an account of the Dutch Jews during the occupation. *Breaking Point,* his only work of fiction, appears to have been written to give the author more scope than is permitted an historian in presenting a moral problem from a subjective and emotional point of view. Written as the journal of a man who has "sold his soul to the devil," this so-called novel is more immediately shocking, but less moving, than the newspaper accounts of the

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trial in Israel of the late Dr. Rudolf Kastner. Professor Presser has not solved the technical problem of transforming a case history into a work of art that recreates effectively a nightmare world whose details, alas, have become over-familiar.

Breaking Point has won a number of prizes in Holland and was presented by the booksellers of the Netherlands as a gift to 150,000 customers.

GENERAL

FROM A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton. 182 pp. $3.

WHILE reading "On the Margin," the opening section of *From A Writer's Notebook,* one senses ghosts lurking. Mr. Brooks's maxims and aphorisms seem to echo earlier not immediately identifiable practitioners of this demanding form. . . . Not La Rochefoucauld, nor even Joubert. . . . Can it be an American ghost that hovers to Mr. Brooks's disadvantage? "Earnest people are often people who habitually look on the serious side of things that have no serious side" brings to mind Logan Pearsall Smith who, by setting his often only semi-precious nuggets into such delicately designed settings, transformed them not only into *Trivia* but into minor works of art. Mr. Brooks is less interested in craftsmanship, and after page four his notes become rambling and anecdotic. Indeed, he includes two versions of anecdotes that were ancient when Isaac Disraeli included them in his *Curiosities.*

Yet there is food for thought in this *Writer's Notebook.* And a reader can only wish that Mr. Brooks, as one of the few remaining examples of "a man of letters," a type whose disappearance from the American scene he deplores in this book, might have served up his ideas with a little sharper seasoning and fresher herbs. The meat and potatoes in this hash are of an excellent quality. But a younger generation, almost wholly ignored by Mr. Brooks, is likely to lack the patience to explore the sometimes challenging opinions in this old-fashioned dish.

DON QUIXOTE'S PROFESSION. By Mark Van Doren. Columbia University Press. 99 pp. $2.50.

IT IS rare today to read literary criticism behind which the whetstone is not grinding the axe, where the chip on the shoulder is a less impelling motive than the joy of re-exploring a masterpiece. The "love" that Professor Van Doren professes for Cervantes' great work is expressed with a scholar's care, the insight of a true teacher and a poet's grace. By these three lectures, delivered at Emory University, readers unfamiliar with *Don Quixote* will find themselves irresistibly drawn to the book itself. And to the initiated, Professor Van Doren offers fresh stimulus to re-reading.

MINA CURTISS

THEATRE

Robert Hatch

Use your head, can't you, use your head, you're on earth, there's no cure for that!

THERE is no bottom to the nihilism of Samuel Beckett, but each time, as he is going down forever, he finds a flicker of wit and kicks on for another few strokes. For a poet, total renunciation is probably impossible—he is forced to believe in his own poetry and from that he can rebuild a universe.

So *Endgame* (Cherry Lane) is not really the end; it merely aproaches the end as the parallel lines approach infinity. However, it is much further along than *Waiting for Godot:* it looks as though we might be extinguished at any minute—not with a bang and not with a whimper, but stuttering importantly like a rundown clock. The past ("accursed progenitor") is refuse. Ancient father and mother, they stand in ash cans on the stumps of their legs, having lost their shanks "in the Ardennes" . . . "on the road to Sedan"; which may suggest where and when Beckett thinks the end officially began. The lord of the present is blind and paralyzed, enthroned in his filth, sardonic and mawkish with the worn-out poses of an eternity of posing. The slave is truculent and spavined, but still slaving—out of habit, and perhaps because it is the only activity left on earth. It is something to be able to get around, however painfully.

THERE has been a disaster (at least we are now deep in a "shelter"), or perhaps it is just cosmic fatigue—the tides no longer flow, nothing moves, nothing grows, there is no sunlight "out there." Or *was* that a child, flashing just past the edge of the window? Impossible,

RUSSIAN LIBERALISM

FROM GENTRY TO INTELLIGENTSIA

By GEORGE FISCHER. Was there ever a chance of a Western type of free society in Russia? In this important book Mr. Fischer traces the plight of the liberal in Russian society from the Great Reforms to the 1905 Revolution. He points out the attempts at reform made by Russian liberals, why these attempts failed and the light that Russian liberalism throws on the dilemma of many underdeveloped societies today. $4.50

DOCTOR AND PATIENT IN SOVIET RUSSIA

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absurd, ha ha! And yet if it were so, we could give up this silly game, this word play, this humiliating crawl to infinity. We could die without committing the treason of extermination. Beckett will not quite give up the hope he does not have:

Hamm: The bastard! [God, that is] He doesn't exist!

Clov: Not yet.

"This is not much fun," says Hamm the master, and compared to *Waiting for Godot* it really isn't. The mad dialogue still rings like china, and shocks of wicked laughter still spill out of the surrounding gibberish:

Clov: Do you believe in the life to come?

Hamm: Mine has always been that.

But when two of your four characters are stuck in ash cans (with the tops on a good part of the time) and a third is confined to a throne on casters, you must rely for action on the comings and goings of the one remaining on his feet (just barely on his feet). This degenerates fairly soon into a sorry pendulum of busyness, even when so resourceful a mime as Alvin Epstein is engaged in it. *Endgame* is in one act and runs for about ninety minutes, but it seems a long evening.

The new parable lacks the playfulness, the lovable naughtiness of its predecessor. That was not all Bert Lahr's doing—Beckett kicked up his own heels. Now it is so much later in the day that defiance and gaiety are almost used up—the effect is powerful enough, but there is less theatre to it. And more poetry, perhaps. The characteristic staccato lines clash against one another like cymbals, the voices within voices are like the supporting and echoing choirs in an orchestra. It is the song of final dissolution by a minstrel-prophet with the logic of death in his mind and the conviction of life forever in his blood. The great drama of Beckett is always his inability to subdue himself.

Lester Rawlins, as the blind Hamm, controls the center of the stage with hypnotic black glasses and a warlock's repertory of vocal changes. P. J. Kelly and Nydia Westman, our elders in the ash cans, tremble between slapstick and horror with a dexterity won from long experience in more mobile comedy.

SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO (Cort) is not a play; it is an exercise in hagiology. On the one hand, it is interesting only as a devout recitation of how the most powerful hero of our age conquered his wound, and on the other hand it never seeks beneath the protections of conventional legend for some evidence of a man and a milieu. There is scarcely a line in it that does not bear directly on Roosevelt's physical condition or political prospects, scarcely a character (the young Anna Roosevelt, played by Roni Dengel, is a marvelously ventilating exception) who is not placed on stage entirely to speed or slow the hero's progress toward his summit. It is a public pageant, the visualization of an anniversary feature from the Sunday supplement.

You can judge the performance only in terms of how well the actors meet the requirements of patriotic pantomime. Thus Ralph Bellamy makes a striking FDR (thank heaven for those glasses, that hat and that cigarette holder) and Henry Jones is happily cast as the blunt, asthmatic Louis Howe. But Mary Fickett quite misses the proud style of Eleanor Roosevelt and the mimicry comes a terrible cropper in Roosevelt's mother. Dore Schary does not understand this type of dragon and Anne Seymour cannot evoke her. Sara Delano Roosevelt comes across as a dull bully with a clumsy technique for insults. That misses the target entirely.

At the very end of the evening—when Bellamy drags Roosevelt's paralyzed body across the platform in Madison Square Garden (this is 1924; Al Smith is about to be hailed as The Happy Warrior) and, anchoring himself to the rostrum with his left hand, waves his right hand to the crowd in a gesture that erases thirty years—the tears started to my eyes. But I was moved by what I knew myself, not by anything Mr. Schary had told me. A newsreel would have had the same effect—and indeed newsreels of Roosevelt always do. The all-powerful, wounded father may not be the most healthy of images, but it is by all odds the most compelling. The magic currently in effect at the Cort is not to be denied. But it is a magic in the hearts and memory of the audience; on the stage there is only an official tableau.

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE FIFTIETH anniversary of the first group exposition of the eight painters known as the "Ash Can School" falls this month, and the Hirschl and Adler Gallery is holding through February a memorial exhibit of some fifty canvases of Robert Henri, affectionately remembered as the most facile and charming of the eight. Henri was a virtuoso, working directly on his canvas with a loaded brush freely lubricated with oil, without previous preparation or subsequent retouching. The tradition is an old and respectable one, going back to Hals and Magnasco and practiced by painters as different in point of view as Boldini and Manet. But here in the figure pieces by which Henri is best known—the Gipsy singers and models, the smiling children—this virtuoso tradition seems to have reached its ebb. The drawing is hasty, the edges hard, the color unconsidered, either muddy or too clean, the scale over-large. Every easy effect has been exploited: mouths are full of teeth and laughter, eyes gleam with highlights. The pictures were obviously painted for exhibition. They have aged quite badly.

On the other hand the tiny sketches, some no larger than three inches by five, are a surprise and a delight—the Luxemburg Gardens, the banks of the Seine, the Bal Bullier, strollers in the Maine woods. The paint is fresh, the composition free, the color inventive, the values exact, and all with a busy and careless charm, not unlike the painting of Vuillard. Here the painter's virtuosity is properly employed and the pictures are not unworthy of the late Impressionist tradition from which they spring.

As part of this anniversary, James Graham and Sons are showing two other members of the eight—Everett Shinn and Arthur B. Davies. Davies is represented by a group of his characteristic nudes and by a few landscapes. The work is stylized, gentle, decorative. The water colors and pastels are more successful than the oils which, with their thin washes of bright colors, seem more like prints than paint. The patterned groupings of nudes, asexual, elongated and unreal, and the wallpaper-like landscapes, vaguely reminiscent of the English fan painter, Charles Condor, are skillfully done and probably at some later date will recapture our interest. Today the sources of their mannerisms are too apparent, their connection with the fashion drawing of the '20s all too clear. Their milky charm seems singularly out of place in our ruder world.

Everett Shinn is a much more vigorous painter, with something of the facility of the popular illustrator. As with Davies, his oils are on the whole

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less interesting than his pastels and water colors. His principal subject is New York—stage and street scenes, many of them done at night—and he treats it with love, amusement and respect. The scale is elegant and small. The drawing could not be more skillful or the representation of light more convincing. There are no false effects, no modish references to fashionable art. Even his debt to Degas is less than one had thought. His work stands by itself —a worthy tribute to a magnificent city.

VICTOR BRAUNER—shown at Iolas until February 15—is accurately described in his catalogue as a painter-poet. He is one of a group of painters and poets who called themselves Surrealists and whose aim, more literary than pictorial, was to introduce the unconscious into art. For this they employed all manner of psychological disciplines, from word association games and dream interpretation to artificially induced paranoiac states and the techniques of black magic.

Brauner's pictures present themselves as elaborate symbolic diagrams. Their style derives in part from American Indian drawings and Navajo sand paintings — flat, linear men and animals, schematized as if for weaving in a rug. Another series depicts these personages drawn as if constructed of folded and intersecting cut-outs of colored cartridge paper. Their precise meanings I am too little versed in Surrealism to explain. It is probably partly systematic — based on alchemical and magical symbols—and partly hermetic and personal. The titles, with their characteristic Surrealist puns, are amusing and sometimes even revealing—as in the two small pictures *Victor* [the painter's name] *Semivictorescent*, a crescent moon with limbs, and *Victor Victorescent*, a full moon or sun; *Poisson d'Honneur* whose title, and perhaps subject, seems to derive from the telescoping of *poisson d'avril* (April fool) with *vin d'honneur* (formal reception); or *l'Illustre Mamalogue*, a figure with breasts; or the schematic lay-out describing *le Poet en Exile*. The pictures themselves are gay and handsome, their primitivism convincing, and their mysterious iconography extremely titillating, particularly as they present an aspect of Surrealism quite different from the more familiar images of Ernst, Dali or Tanguy.

NEW pictures by Stephen Greene are being shown until February 15 at Grace Borgenicht's. The work is more abstract than before. The personages, with their round heads and bellies and rachitic limbs, reminiscent of the figures of the Italian sculptor Marino Marini, are still present but now more difficult to make out. The color is brilliant and beautiful: oppositions of warms and colds, sometimes at their highest intensity—clear blues set against rich reds and oranges—sometimes in paler pastel shades. The subject matter, according to the titles and to the preface to the catalogue, is deeply tragic. There is a *Cain and Abel*, a *Prophesy*, a *Nemesis*, a *Flagellation*. The canvases themselves with their dry, fresco-like surfaces and clean colors, seem pleasantly gay, somewhat reminiscent of the buxom and modestly official work of Maurice Denis, the French mural painter of the '20s.

Another painter with a tragic subject matter, Benjamin Kopman, is being shown until February 22 by World House. Kopman paints landscapes and old people. The style, which could be called either brutal or powerful, belongs to the near-caricature tradition of Rouault, Gropper or Forain. The drawing is rough and solid. The paint application is heavy, not unlike that of the young Cézanne. The color is extremely beautiful, rich, deep and impressive. The landscapes are finer than the figure pieces, whose lumpy forms and insistent caricature seem to me both insensitive and over-violent. The painting has no intellectual pretensions whatsoever, but it is warm and harshly human.

Both Greene and Kopman take as their subject human infirmity, and Green's catalogue in particular is at some pains to stress his preoccupation with the theme:

> In Greene's pictures the victim and the victor, the tortured and the torturer, in the face of irreconcilable demonic powers by which they are possessed, are united in a compassionate bond. . . .

The next sentence seems less clear:

> Greene's formal development has been toward a style in which colors and shapes, rather than signifying the emotions expressed through this subject, would themselves, as it were, be permeated by them. . . .

Apparently the shapes and color do not express emotions; they feel them.

> He has arrived at this stage because of his search to paint in a manner in which the symbolic potency of his imagery would be contained and retained within the formal world of the picture with a maximum staying power. . . .

In other words, the pictures are a good, solid investment.

Kopman's preface is a great deal simpler:

> Well here I am; in everybody's judgment (except perhaps my own) I am an old man. And yet I am devoting myself to that primal emotion which was kindled in me in my youth, the love of the world, for people and trees, for the sky and the earth, dreaming of these now as in my distant past, and paying tribute to God and his important creations with words and images.
>
> Because we live in an age of speed some people who never cared for art turned away from my work using the excuse that it has not moved fast enough. They do not realize that the very speed they so admire now will fly them by, and they will remain wondering what has happened. In my seventieth year I am most grateful to fate that it has endowed me with patience and a sense for timelessness.

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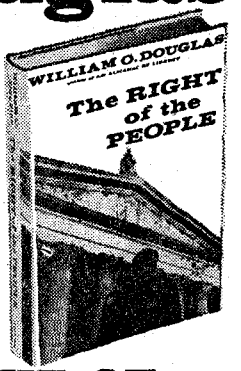

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DOUBLEDAY

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(*Continued from page 141*)

was Arthur Hartman, convicted of murder in St. Louis and out on appeal. The two others were not identified.

As they stood in the crowded hotel entrance, guns were suddenly pulled out and the firing became general. Berretti was instantly killed. Hartman died in the hospital. Popeye was shot in the back as he ran. The two unknown gunmen escaped. There were conflicting accounts of the shooting, *The New York Times* stating that all five suddenly pulled out guns and began firing. One account stated that Popeye was shot a dozen times, another that his wound was not serious. In the hospital, Popeye stated that Berretti had recently killed a Chicago gangster who had tried to take him for a ride in a disagreement over a liquor deal. Popeye was freed of connection with the killings because the evidence indicated he was leaving the scene when he was shot. Nothing was reported of the three previous murders he was supposedly being sought for. When he got out of the hospital, he filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in the federal court in Memphis, giving his occupation as a clerk, and listing his debts as $4,000.

The following summer he was arrested in Hot Springs, Arkansas, in connection with the $24,000 holdup of the Woodlawn-American Bank in Birmingham. To avoid passing through Memphis on his way to Birmingham, he chartered an airplane and, accompanied by the Hot Springs chief of detectives, flew to Jackson, Mississippi, and from there made his way to Birmingham, where he was released when the bank teller refused to identify. About this time, Popeye's father died, the newspapers giving the cause as heartbreak over his son.

Popeye was interviewed by Memphis reporters in July, 1930, and said, "I wouldn't stay in this town if they'd give it to me." He said he had married Miss Ida Hoopes, of Hot Springs, and was leaving with his bride for two weeks in Canada.

Three weeks later, on August 15, 1930, he was arrested in Saratoga Springs, New York, in the strangest incident of his strange career. According to the Associated Press, he was engaged in an extremely intricate television swindle. At that time, TV had reached the point where its commercial possibilities were being widely discussed in the press, and the financial pages carried long discussions of impending mergers comparable to those of the early days of radio. Popeye had some sort of television apparatus (said to be completely bogus) for flashing the results of races instantaneously, and his objective was to fleece wealthy racetrack followers or bookies — apparently by getting them to invest in the apparatus, which in turn was to be used to fleece bettors.

However, he was not arrested for the swindle. Roosevelt was the new Governor of New York, and a former Saratoga policeman had written to him about gambling in Saratoga. Roosevelt sent copies of the letter to Saratoga officials, who dutifully visited all the clubs in the city. They reported they could find no evidence of gambling. But during one of their tours, a routine raid by local police picked up Ernest Woods, alias N. K. Humphrey, of Hot Springs. This was Popeye. With him were two New York confidence men: Herbert Cokes and Frederick Callahan. Involved with the confidence men was Adolf Roth, of Miami, who was found to possess a complete set of burglar's tools. In Popeye's possession was a mysterious contraption involving mirrors and signals — apparently his TV invention. Thrown into jail, Popeye accused the Memphis police of setting the New York police after him. His punishment: deportation from New York State.

MEANWHILE, Faulkner had won a critical success with *As I Lay Dying*, much of which he wrote on an upturned wheelbarrow while he was working in the Oxford power house. He had, he said, forgotten all about *Sanctuary*, the manuscript of which the publisher still held. Late in 1930, he was surprised and dismayed to receive galleys of the book. He was disgusted when he read it over, and made a last-minute effort to rewrite sections; he did not want it to fall below the standard set by *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying*. *Sanctuary* finally appeared in the spring of 1931. Nationally, it was a shocker, Henry Seidel Canby calling it a prime example of American sadism. Typical of the reviews was one that described it as "a novel with a brooding atmosphere of obscene and bestial decadence." In the South, however, the pungent accuracy of Faulkner's dialogue made *Sanctuary* a sensation. And in Oxford and in Memphis, its impact was naturally the greater following Mr. Green's essay in the *Sewanee Review*.

SLOWLY *Sanctuary* became famous, and Popeye a kind of American folk-hero in reverse. The horror of the book does not lie in Popeye's sadism alone, but in the unawareness of the community to the monstrous brutality taking place within it. As Faulkner pictured Popeye, he is not merely rat-like, depraved and vicious — he is grotesque in his weakness, a dwarf, impotent, feeble-minded, a killer of caged birds in his childhood, savagely ludicrous in his assault with a corncob on the girl he has captured. When *Sanctuary* was published in England, it became a sensation there also. The London *Times* said that Faulkner's remarkable powers of presentation were at their height in "giving flesh and circumstantiality to nightmare doings perpetrated by creatures almost too sick and too depraved to be called human."

Popeye Pumphrey had fled the haunts of men. He lived in a little mountain cabin near Hot Springs. According to the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, "an insidious disease, which he contracted a few years ago, began to take its toll. . . ." He was said to have suffered heavy financial losses that increased his despondency. On October 28, 1931, he was again in an apartment in Hot Springs. That afternoon, Friday, his wife went downtown, and when her brother stopped in later, Popeye was found shot through the head. Two suicide notes were found, and as "A pistol with a discharged cartridge was found in the room, police said it was obvious that he had shot himself."

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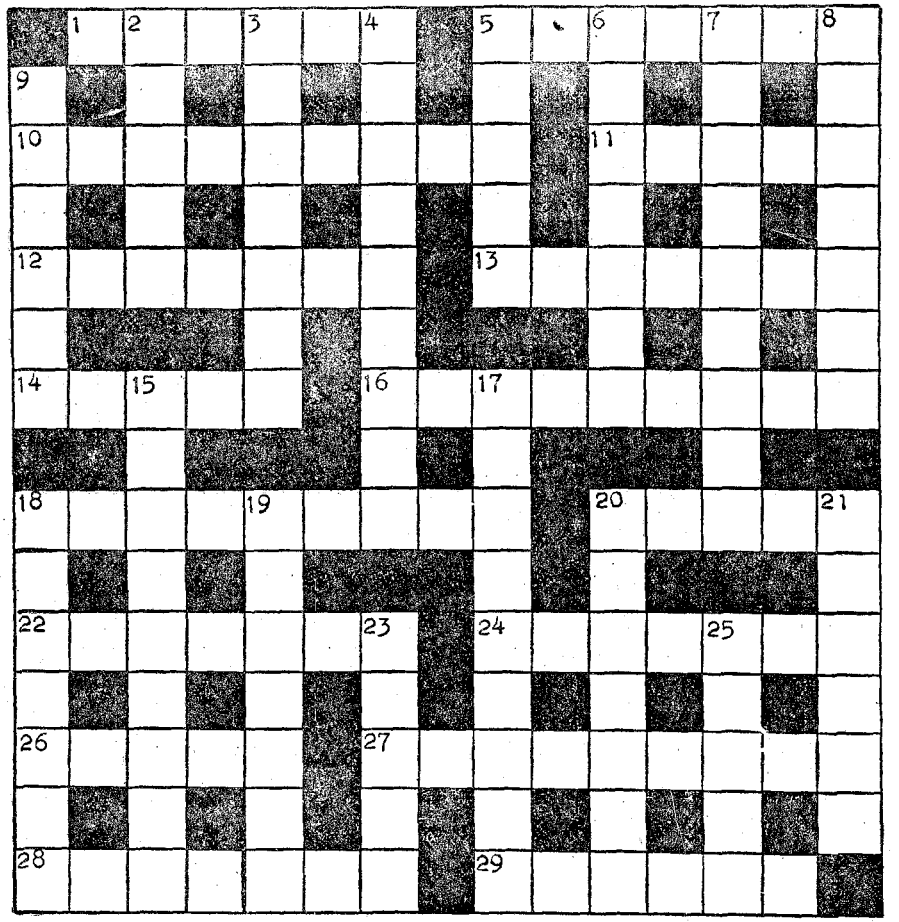
Crossword Puzzle No. 759

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 5 What might be used by the slicker tampers with those that might be used by the mechanic. (6, 7)
10 The underground boss has a broken wagon to show the more wealthy personage. (9)
11 The principle seems to be to follow mother around. (5)
12 Nudged, and needs nothing more to put it in a state of irritation. (7)
13 Not exactly a rat trap, but the point of this could be associated with locks. (7)
14 Add something in addition? Well, it might have one of these. (5)
16 Finished wrong, wrong—and too big for one's breeches! (9)
18 How to make a singer be all wet and cold, perhaps. (6, 3)
20 It goes around three points to make something less than flush. (5)
22 Several on a channel crossing? (7)
24 One might note this way it's sort of wordy! (7)
26 About a note which returns, and obviously isn't first. (5)
27 A sort of India blue, certainly not loud! (9)
28 Might be used to make things 27. (7)
29 Misjudge and still run it, perhaps. (6)

DOWN:

2 and 25 Evidently a fat bird, but it's possible to meet everyone this way. (5, 5)
3 Caves to shelter shore birds. (7)
4 Would it make one sore, or just more likely to be wrong? (9)
5 Does it make light of the contest? (5)
6 The sort of acquaintance that might be Homeric at times. (7)
7 Little dippers for helping with a fast break. (9)
8 Irish flower. (7)
9 Black suit used by sextons, perhaps. (6)
15 Mr. Green's a duck! (8)
17 Cover the road up and talk down to do a disappearing act. (9)
18 What the British do when they purchase a radio tube or an oyster? (7)
19 You can make this run late, but the gear is wrong for running. (7)
20 One who should know the facts rides in like this. (7)
21 Not quite the best place, but an old one. (6)
23 One that goes bump in the night? (5)
25 See 2 down.

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So far, we have presented C. Wright Mills's "Program for Peace," Walter Millis' "The Road to Nowhere," Geoffrey Barraclough's "More Than Dulles Must Go," and "The Loaded Missile Debate" by Frederic Collins (concurrent with Mr. Dreher's "Program for a Crash"), and, in this issue, "The Arms Race: Count-Down for Disaster," by Mr. Millis.

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